Cord

waterloo college

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CORD

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VOLUME THIRTY-TWO NUMBER FOUR

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From the Editor . . .

With six weeks of lectures left and another copy of the CORD to be printed, perhaps it is neither too late nor too early to think about the future publications of Waterloo College. These publications, about four in number, are controlled generally by "The Board of Publications" and dominated completely by four or five students, slightly more than one per cent of the whole student body.

Now the point of my consideration is simply this — are these publications representative of the student body and are these publications fulfilling the needs of the students? Perhaps these are two separate questions, perhaps not. But regardless of this, these questions deserve to be considered seriously by every student of Waterloo College, since in paying his enrollment fees he is allocating seven dollars and fifty cents to student publications, whether he reads his publications or not.

Broadly speaking, I feel that of the four publications of the College two are representative and two are not. The STUDENT DIRECTORY AND HANDBOOK and the NEWSWEEKLY are useful and practically worth what the students now pay for them. But in the case of the KEYSTONE and the CORD I am dubious.

To be of more use to the student body, I feel that the STUDENT DIRECTORY AND HANDBOOK could be printed and distributed earlier in the first term — as it was not this year — and it could be produced at no cost to the students — as it was last year — by including in it more advertising and no grants from "The Board of Publications". The NEWSWEEKLY, on the other hand, is being well run and mimeographed on small funds and on the administration's equipment, although in a printed form it would please not only the students but the administration too.

Similarily, the KEYSTONE — which came out too late for last year and too early for this year — could be printed only for those who want to buy it. Why must every student, whether he wants a copy or not, be forced to pay for it as soon as he enrolls in Waterloo College? Finally, the CORD — which I feel has not justified its independent existence for two years now because of poor literature and high printing costs — could be successfully amalgamated with the NEWSWEEKLY into a permanent, printed weekly to be tentatively entitled "The College Cord". With a nominal fee charged per copy it could be sold to the students and both news and literature could be united — no ivory tower boys, we!

With these changes then, I feel that the present ridiculously high publication fees could be reduced if not removed entirely and the publication office and phone that serves only a limited number of limited times could be dispensed with. Considering Waterloo College's future expansion along engineering lines, I feel that these changes would make the present publications of Waterloo more representative and more useful. And, in addition, the present unnecessary allotments and fees to the "Board of Publications" could be put back into the hands of the students as cold, hard cash.

John Colombo.

School Spirit

By Warner Winter

"Trouble is with you," he said, "you got APATHY!"

I leaned away from him. I didn't want to be impolite but he was standing on my shoes.

"STUDENT apathy — and that's the WORST kind."

I'm sorry, I said simply. I must have picked it up in the Men's Common Room.

"No use to be sorry," he said, "unless you DO something about it. GO OUT — sell tickets — convene a committee — play basketball — sing 'Waterloo We'll Praise Thee Ever' . . ."

I saluted smartly. But I really haven't the time.

"Ha!" he said.

Ha?

"Yes, ha — also Ho!"

But . . .

"When someone wants something done around here what do you do? Why, you ask a BUSY MAN to do it — THAT'S WHAT YOU DO!"

But . . .

"And do you know WHY you ask a busy man to do it?"

I really haven't . . .

"Because those students who are interested in affairs are BUSY, and those students who are interested can FIND time to DO THINGS!"

Beads of perspiration were forming on his whitening brow. His voice rose in pitch and intensity. Nervously he jumped up and down as if to punctuate his sentences. Cautiously I attempted an interjection. . . .

But I say . . .

"Those are the students who are sacrificing ALL to give YOU the BEST OF COLLEGE LIFE. THOSE ARE THE STUDENTS WHO ARE CARRYING NINETY PERCENT OF THE RESPONSIBILITY which SHOULD rest with the WHOLE STUDENT BODY. All of this while the REST OF THE STUDENTS lie in . . . in APATHY."

It was clear from the way he said it that the word had shrunk. It now contained only four letters. His tone became menacing.

"And what are YOU going to do about all of this?"

Send a letter of thanks to Jimmie Jones? I suggested hopefully.

"Wrong!"

A card of sympathy?

"WRONG AGAIN!"

I gave up.

"YOU are going to SALLY FORTH!"

I was choked with emotion. You mean . . .

"Yes! YOU are ONE of those who is going to GO OUT and BE INTERESTED!"

Yes, sir, I said. I clicked my heels and with dignity hostened to buckle my buckler and be off. But first . . .

Just one thing, I asked. What do YOU do around the campus?

"WHAT DO I DO? Why, without my services the whole of the student body would rise in protest. Without me this whole building would probably have to be CLOSED DOWN!"

You mean you're on the S. L. E.?

"Hell, no! I wash the dishes in the Torque Room."

Disposition's Symbol

By Stephen G. Alapy

The rain's spleenful song rapped on my hat. In the park, among the falling leaves, which already marked November's arrival, floated a big moth pointed with lilac lipstick.

The patients of the convalescent home were brought out into the garden every morning. Here they were lying on their cots upon the grass, which remained wet with dew until 11 A.M., when they gazed at the still cheerful gold-fishes dancing.

A platinum-haired woman in a pink negligee drank brown coffee-liquer.

The water also prepared itself for Autumn, crouched in the deep waiting.

Nevertheless, among the shrubs by nightfall, green cots' eyes pried the pacified laves.

The Fall, gold-bronze archer, shot his orrow made from the twisted wings of cicadas.

And the sorrow of Autumn? It is a glass-roller filled with two gallons of air from Nicaragua, around which the red and blue leaves of the ivy are twisting with their tendrils.

Budapest, 1952

The Literature of Alberta

By DAVE PATERSON

In order to examine the contribution of Alberta to Canadian literature we must examine the culture of Alberta and see what the life of the people and the country they live in has to offer to a culture from which a literature can be founded. For to have a literature, a country needs to have something concrete to write about — a culture which sets the times and the behaviours of the people and gives to the people a character — a national character and a living spirit. For a distinctive literature, a distinctive culture is needed — a national character in people with distinctive, original characteristics and mannerisms elucidating for people elsewhere, the "norm" or "average" individual of this particular region.

Literature in Alberta has done just that. The writers from Alberta have captured the fresh clean air falling from under clear blue skies — they have caught the inspiration gained from the powerful and majestic snow-capped purple Rockies — they have caught the stillness but the might in a grain waving field — which go to characterize and develop the strong, silent character of the Albertan. The distinctiveness of Canadian literature thus far has been almost wholly an inevitable response to a geographical and climatic situation. This very fact Alberta has contributed and sustained in her literature but even more she has illustrated and demonstrated **how** the geographic and the climatic situation has moulded the lives and characters and developed the personalities of its own pioneers, its settlers and its citizens.

Contemporary Louise Riley, Children's Librarian in the Calgary Public Library vividly proves this. Being a native of Alberta, being captivated by everything natural and fresh and good about it, she writes of the people, horses and the country she both knows and loves so well. In her first book **Mystery Horse** she

captures the fast moving expectancy of a young boy's heart as a mystery horse — a beautiful wild stallion — wanders into his mother's herd on their ranch near High River. In her second and last book she incorporates the frustrations and expectancies, the trials and triumphs, and the sorrows and joys that all go to make up life for a girl living in Banff. Louise Riley transfers to her pages with simple ease, the glorious background of her Alberta to her stories. To this last book she gives it the breath of high clean air and the fine purifying emotional experience of an ascent into the mountains.

Earle Birney, Calgary born, now a professor in the University of British Columbia, also has the same knowledge of Alberta. He, too, transfers the geographic and climatic situation into his writing, especially poetry. In his notable poem, "David," which is one of the few narrative poems of our generation, Birney has not only expressed the beauty and royal majesty of the mountains but reveals their coldness, their might, their power, their cruelty and their strangeness.

Gray Campbell, probably the newest of Alberta's authors, captures the ruggedness, fight, anxiety, and sorrow that can go into living to find peace on the prairies. But at the same time, he has found the secret how to reveal the inner sensations and the ultimate joy he did receive when he and his wife did conquer the very difficulties of the climatic situation of living in the unpredictable, Chinook-belt, rangeland of the foothills near Cowley, Alberta.

Campbell describes the griefs and difficulties met by he and his English war bride upon settling down in "peace" after the war. The battle was over but peace did not come to the mind of Campbell who was now an office worker.

Born in Ottawa, joining the R.C.M.P., Campbell was transferred for training to Regina. Upon graduation he was posted to Pincher Creek, ten miles from Cowley. In 1939 he bought his way out of the Mounties to enlist in the R.A.F. in Uxbridge, England. 1941 found him a married man and 1946 saw him in civilian clothes, with a wife, a three-year-old son and a DFC.

Without a stable and definite future ahead of him, Gray Campbell had no peace of mind. He had made lover's promises to his wife about a home where only peace and happiness reigned. But he was now living in a trailer in Hamilton. Bills behind him, no liberty or leisure seemed to be his. One night at three a.m. he woke his wife and asked if she was game for something foolish. They would pull up stakes and in their modern covered wagon, they would trek out west to begin again.

Campbell knew the people — he knew the country — he knew where he could make possible connections for settling down. The book describes the worrying, the frustration, the anxiety that lived and breathed with this romantic couple. What an adventure they had embarked themselves upon! They, in time, negotiated to purchase a two thousand acre spread of rangeland near Cowley. The Veteran's Land Act, granting financial support to veterans, was slow in providing the funds, the seller was impatient for his funds, American and bigger Canadian ranch holders were offering larger cash offers, and storms and blizzards were

starving off his few forty head of cattle which he was depending to calf and then sell the older cows. Everything was piling up — the times were anxious but in the end the Campbell's were able to write **We Found Peace.**

Campbell has a free and open conversational style of writing. He details the exterior situation clearly and accurately while at the same time he is expressing either the troubled and anxious heart or the peaceful and recollected one after peace was obtained. He struggles and overcomes the fierce elements of an Alberta winter, and the parching wilderness of the summer. His pen moves with the instilling joy and relief that comes when a Chinook brings relief in the God-forsaken weather of a prairie winter. He writes from the experience of the hardships of life and compares them to the hardships of a thirty degrees below winter with cows to milk, horses and cattle to care for, chickens to look after. But a Chinook comes and relief is endowed. For such it was in his life — the gruesome battles of life were met and endured but the call of the West beckoned him and there he found relief. There his Chinook came and there came to him a peace which rehabilitated, inspired and encouraged him to go on living.

Campbell's work is representative of how Alberta affects its natives and the people who want to take up the land there. He lives the inevitable response to the geographic and climatic situation found in Canadian literature, and puts life into his work — not just chaacters, people, or human beings living in such situations — but he puts GOD-GIVEN LIFE into it.

Campbell was an Easterner who came West. Likewise were two of Alberta's pioneer writers — both women — both chosen to be among the five only women to have signed the B.N.A. Act in obtaining rights for women to be recognized as "persons" — and both were clergyman's wives.

Nellie McClung led an exciting yet a humble and unselfish life. Trekking west from Chatham, Ontario, she, her parents and family settled in Manitaba and it is from this location she writes her first books among which is "Sawing Seeds in Donny". It, too, was in this location she met and married her minister husband and then moved to Edmonton. It wasn't long after, that she was heard saying "I love even the prairie dust — all the sketches of prairie — the wonderful flowers, the great winds and the warts of houses —oh! the scent of the prairie is a wonderful and inspiring thing." Through this newly gained inspiration Nellie went on to write. She wrote pictures of what life on the prairies was actually like. She had her own experience of the vices and the fallacies of humans and human nature, she knew, and understood them and she was able to write about them. Yet, too, her pen was also packed with the freshness and romance of living in Alberta in the early days.

McLung lived in Alberta and knew the necessity of stamina and intestinal fortitude to get up and carry on after being slapped down by crop failure, fire, insufficient funds, or even the grapevine society of the community church. She had imbibed the spirit of Alberta and it lifted her far above mediacrity. She stood

among those who were and are the most aggressive, most public-spirited aggregation of people in Canada to-day. It was with this spirit that she led women in a strong temperance movement and championed for the rights of women. It was in this spirit that she was elected to the Alberta Legislature as a Liberal from 1921-1926. It was with this spirit moving so abundantly inside her that she completed two autobiographical sketches. Can it be questioned, that having lived so abaundantly, vigorously and fruitfully that she should be nominated by "Every Woman's World" as the "MOST OUTSTANDING FIGURE THE CANADIAN WEST HAS PRODUCED"?

A contemporary with Nellie McClung, another Ontario born Albertan wrote her way to fame and success by contributing the Janey Canuck books to Canadian literature. Emily Murphy moved into a thriving settled land, teeming with cattle and undulating with rippling waves of a great wheat sea, playing its part in the great fight for democracy. She moved in with the pseudonym of Janey Canuck. Emily Murphy came west with her minister husband and she was not long in finding out that the West thanks one not for the purely academic work but rather something with blood in it. And thus the contribution that Janey Canuck made a literature was a contribution that consisted of blood, heart and understanding; that is she injected LIFE into her works. She found, too, that STYLE pales before LOVE, CHARITY and HUMAN HAPPINESS and consequently Murphy's writings reveal her open unselfish and frank personality. She did not care a jot about style or how a thing looked — the spirit and the character behind it meant the most. She wrote with a ligh-trippling touch just as a stream flows or a black-bird whistles, for her song is not the song of art but the song of life — that strong challenge — enriched song of LIFE as it seems only to be instilled, grown and matured in a person through a setting amid majestic mountains, brilliant lakes and fertile fields under seas of golden grain. She was the philosopher of gladness, content and common sense, a philosophy as durable as Bergsonism. She come scattering seeds of gladness in our midst and lo! our gloom gone like the black cloud that breaks before the April sun.

What is this ability — this power that Murphy has to speak so freely and warmingly through her pen? This charm we cannot analyse any more than could Emerson analyse the charm of the Rhodora of the woods. When you hear the thrush singing his song in the green tree you do not ask what makes it sing but are content to listen. So it is with the author of "Open Trails" whose song reflects her remarkable insight into human nature, personal magnetism, compassion, understanding and tolerance.

Of all the writers that have been mentioned probably not one of them had reached popularity and success so rapidly as has W. O. Mitchell — prairie born, prairie raised, prairie educated — a Westerner through and through. While once attending the University of Alberta, a professor, Dr. Salter by name, saw Mitchell as a writer and said to him. You know these people of the Canadian West,

you know how they think; how they feel; how they talk. And you are fond of them; you delight in them; why not write about them? And so Mitchell left university to teach school in High River but secretly he left not to teach school but to write.

Right from the beginning his short stories and his character sketches were full of earthly vigor and humour. He had the knack of the good writer to make his reader live close to the place and the people of the book. In his radio series of Jake and the Kid, Mitchell relates the common conflicts of life as they arise on the lives of the citizens of Crocus, Saskatchewan. He bears down upon the essence of the Western people and creates for the reader or listener in this case, an intimacy between themselves and the people he is trying to portray.

Likewise in his book **Who Has Seen the Wind** he brings the reader into the same intimate relation. In this story we witness how this spirit of the prairie incorporates and develops the life of its people. Mitchell is either allegorizing the prairie wind to this spirit or else he believes the wind is the spirit of ruggedness, spirit of endurance, and the spirit of tranquility of life in the prairie people. Yet again Mitchell may simply be describing the mighty influence of the wind on the prairie people. The boy, Brian, is the communicator of our witness for it is he who sees the wind or feels it or senses it or whatever verb one wishes to use to describe Brian's perception of the prairie wind as a powerful moving force. Through Brian, we learn of it to be beautiful as when it gently stirs the summer leaves of any shade tree or when it whispers through a vast field of wheat to create a tossing golden sea. Then, too, we learn the wind to be terrible when black nimbo-cumulus clouds are driven in, bringing with it drenching rain and devastating hail.

The wind at its worst is a mighty power for it can organize its power to form "dust devils" which are nothing more than little spinning spirals that prance along the roads and over the fields lifting dust and leaves and stray bits of paper up into the air in bizarre gyrations. In the dry season it incorporates the topsoil with itself until it becomes solid and unbreakable. The soil becomes a winnowed dust that penetrates the clothes, chokes the lungs, and drives inside the tightest house windows. The black dust covers floors, bedspreads and makes the eating of food a gritty, unpleasant business. This is the prairie wind that Brian sees but to him also it is part of his heritage.

To his book Mitchell adds humour and realism for they are not absent in the prairie folk he loves to write about. He is able to communicate the shade and texture in speech and behaviour of the Westerners who like him are victims and beneficiaries of the prairie and the prairie wind. Those are not beaten who have seen the wind and so Mitchell is inspired, by the girt and imagination of the prairie people to carry on and reproduce the essence of Western Canadian life which in itself is a contribution to Canadian literature and culture.

Beauty and the Breeze

. . . John Colombo

Once Beauty, overwhelmed by the incredible grace and glory of her body, taunted Breeze and cried to him, "Look at me, Breeze! Look! See me, my perfect, golden body; see it glistening in the gilded fields of wheat and sunlight; see it waving and rocking in the summer winds! Come, Breeze, come—ravish me!"

But Breeze came quickly and ravished her, scattering her golden wheat and spilling with his hot breath her whole abundant harvest.

But Beauty was not to be detered, for again she cried to Breeze, "Look! See me dancing in the silver waters! See me in the foam and in the rocking waves! See me, play with me amid the sea and sand!"

But Breeze came quickly and ravished her, scattering her waves and drying with his hot breath all her waters, leaving only dust behind.

But Beauty persisted and cried even louder, this time begging Breeze as she cried, "Come, came again, dear Breeze! Come, come play with me among the hills and mountains! Come, blow your breath upon my peaks of snow and rock! Come—come ravish me!"

But Breeze came quickly and ravished her, dispersing into many lands the snow and sand of her body, leveling the rocks into the very earth.

And yet again Beauty begged Breeze, for she was insistent in her love, and this time she cried to Breeze, "Look at me now, Breeze! Look! I am even greater than before, more beautiful than ever I was! Look at me now, glorified, magnified . . . See my body with its love expanded! See me now as this very earth, as the whole wide world! See me in its mountains and its valleys, its deserts and its forests! Come again, come play with me—come ravish me, Breeze, in all my domains, in the very lands and seas, in my body expanded! Come! Oh, come to me, Breeze!"

And Breeze came slowly this time, for he knew in his heart that the love of Beauty had conquered his hate, and that Beauty, now grown more abundant in love and desire, was increased through his chastisements.

So Beauty was mingled with Breeze, and the earth was joined to the sky. And from that time onward the earth and the sky were never long parted, but were always closely united in an intimate, loving embrace.

ON KISSING...

By Ron Smeaton

You know, there are many pleasant ways of showing girls just how much you like them. You can tell them outright, or you can use any number of subtler means. For instance gifts or little things — much in the same vein as that popular song of not too many months ago, because it's a sure thing that "little things (do) mean a lot."

Perhaps the best expression that was ever developed was brought about by "the gal who invented kissin' " — I don't recall her name — but I agree with the guy who wrote the song that she should be in the Hall of Fame.

Now, every fellow reading this discourse has kissed or been kissed at some time or other. Of course, there are the occasional few who don't engage in osculation for reasons of sanitation. I think that they must have been exposed to this little verse:

40,000 microbes in a single kiss;
40,000 microbes in a moment's bliss;
Words of Joseph Lister we might well bemoan;
40,000 microbes when we thought we were alone.

Now, it's rather silly to dismiss the practice on such poor grounds as this. Therefore, let us consider the matter further. What could be more satisfying than to grasp the lily-white hand of your date some night and crush your lips passionately thereon? Ah me, how rheumatic — uh, romantic!

Since many of you might have studied English grammar at some time or other, you might garner something from this parsing of the word "kiss":

"Kiss" is a noun because it is both common and proper; a pronoun because "she" stands for it; a conjunction because it joins together; a verb because it has an object; an infinitive because it takes "two"; an adverb because it tells "how very much he likes her"; and it is objective because it needs no explanation.

DOUBLE DILEMMA

By Jagdat V. Toolsie

It was about half an hour before the break of dawn. A gentle breeze refreshed the Arabs. Although the wind was warm and dusty it was, nevertheless, very much appreciated in Khalid, a small and remote village in the Sahara.

The Arabs had gathered together under a clump of palm trees at the edge of the little oasis which was their swimming pool, their well, and their kitchen sink. This morning like the other numerous mornings of Ramadhan, the season of fasting, saw the Arabs, devoted as they were to Allah, at their community centre.

"Praise be to Allah," said Baba.

"Praise be to Allah," said Yasim mechanically.

He had just finished bathing his face and hands in the oasis and now he was thinking of the long fasting season which his religion forced him to observe. Already he had fasted more than three weeks and he was pretty worn out by it. But why should only he complain! The others had fasted as long as he did.

Yasim joined the group of villagers under the palm trees. Before the sun peeped out of the eastern horizon it was necessary for the Moslems to turn faces towards Mecca and pray to Allah, after which they would partake of a meal. Since it was impious for the pious Moslems to eat after the sun had risen in this season of Ramadhan, Yasim made certain that he had his share of food in time. Still hungry after he had finished is measly meal, he wished with all his heart for a big plate of mutton.

"I'm hungry and I haven't started my day's work yet," he said to himself.

He was thinking of the previous day when hunger nearly made him want to die. A wonderful thing death would be in such a time of tribulation. After death he could go to Allah immediately and enjoy the reward of eternal happiness in his bosom; but as it was he had to keep on living. He thought how unjust it would be to himself if his physical needs should overcome him and cause him to break his sacred fast. Such an act would surely divorce him from Allah.

"No, it isn't worth it. I must keep the fast. I can stand it four more days," he assured himself.

"In his tent he found his wife preparing to take the goats out to whatever pasture there was in the sterile desert.

"Try and get back early today, Naz," he said.

"I will, and don't you play around, get those goblets finished for market," Nazroon said.

"Yes, my love."

"And don't eat anything now."

"No."

"Nor drink anything either."

"No, now go on and get those goats out of here before they start crying on my head."

Nazroon went off with the goats leaving him to finish his work. He laboured for two hours. Already the mid-morning sun shining down fiercely was making it no breeze was blowing now.
hot inside the tent. Yasim folded up the sides of the tent to let in some air but

"Holy Mecca, it's hot in here," he said.

He now wished he had done his work in the night instead, but he knew very well that that would not solve his problem. To him sleeping in the day was worse than working. Nevertheless, he wished he had worked in the night.

He was thirsty. When he found that the goblet was empty he thought of going to the oasis and fill it, but he was afraid that others might see him and suspect him of breaking his fast. Better it would be for Allah to share with him the secret of such a crime than for the village to do so. The only thing he could do was to wait, to wait patiently until after sunset at which time the village would again be congregated for prayers and another meal.

"Why all this fuss?" he said.

He could not understand why Mohamet should want them to fast in the day and eat and drink in the night when it was to important to their health to eat when they were hungry and drink when they were thirsty.

"Allah doesn't see in the dark," he said.

"Discomfort made him think continually; on the one side his throat was parched, on the other his stomach caved in.

"If Alloh doesn't see in the dark, maybe I can outsmart him."

Time passed slowly. Yasmin was being heated by hot sweat as much as by cunning thoughts. But the more he thought of his hunger and thirst and of a way to escape these evils the more he felt his discomfort.

Without taking the goblet he gathered himself up and went to the oasis. All he wanted was to swim. He felt certain that a swim would at least wash away the crawling sweat from his back and make him feel a little fresher.

He dived into the water and when he arose to the surface he immediately felt a soothing sort of relief.

"No harm washing my mouth of the bitter spit, is there?" he quizzed himself.

Deciding that there was some harm he did not wash his mouth. But when he dived again he accidently swallowed a mouthful of water.

"I'm clever, I stole and even Allah didn't see me."

Now that he convinced himself that Allah could not see under water he decided that he could break his fast and go unpunished. Moreover, the fact that his throat was not quenched by one mouthful of water urged him on to trifle with his vanity. He dived again but rose up to surface within seconds, his hand grasping his throat and his mouth wide ajar. A silvery glitter was emitted from his gaping cave. He tried to cough but he only groaned aloud.

A few goats came to the oasis to drink. They were his goats. Knowing that his wife must be near he made an attempt to shout for her but his words were only a babble. The goats were frightened and ran away. Nazroon wondering what scored the goats went to investigate.

"What is wrong with you?" she asked from afar.

She received no answer, but a babble.

"Why don't you talk sense, Yasim, what's the matter with you?"

When Yasim pointed into his mouth she came and looked into it.

"Holy Mecca, there's a catfish in your throat," she excloimed.

A Sonnet

By RONALD SMEATON

Gold and silver, bronze and stone — these four
Have formed a backward step on this terrain;
These mediums of hate have come again;
For, ever since the early days of yore
They have been sought to magnify man's store,
And bring to him uncalled for, needless gain;
By means of these a man has oft been slain;
And having them gives rise to wanting more.
Gold and silver both attract the eye
By way of all the famous master arts,
While bells of bronze tell forth their saga drear;
But stone, the oldest, seems to rate most high,
For it embeds the oldest wish of hearts —
The secret of true peace and lack of fear.

TORQUE-ROOM ALLIES

JOE REES AND CLIFFORD COULTES

Well, the dust is still settling from the OPEN HOUSE one week-end and the FROSH PARTY the next. Everybody seems to have pretty well recovered from the excitement, though it took some of us a while. RON SMEATON in particular enjoyed what might be termed a carry-over from the dance. By George, WALDO! He and the other denziens of the dormatories are eagerly awaiting the DORM FORMAL, to be held the first week-end in March. All the lads and their lassies will be marching out as formal as soldiers, but with hearts as light as those of mad March hares. All these active week-ends may, we hope not, interfere with ability to stay awake during lectures and study hours. We hope there's something in the old saying that a change is as good as a rest. The week-ends we've been having lately have been mostly change.

Congrats are in line for PAUL WAGNER, among many others, who played major parts in planning the tremendously successful OPEN HOUSE. The enthusiastic public response indicates that it would pay to turn the place into a public exhibitional institution instead of a college. But entertaining and leading people around might get just as tiresome as studying. However, think of the snap the professors would have. Speaking of the professors, MR. STEWART was, during the show, the object of many jokes concerning his fringe benefit.

A. K. ADLINGTON did his share by inviting high school students who might be induced to join our swelling ranks in the next year or so, with those free meals as bait. Guess A. K. wants to make sure there'll be enough students to fill the new Science Building soon to be erected in the swamp-hole along Dearborn, the location being chosen, we believe, for the convenience of studying frogs. Just imagine the consternation if the hole turned out to contain quicksand, and swallowed up the new building as soon as it was built.

The FROSH BASH was a complete success. EDITH WINCH, JOHNNY CREELMAN'S little girl (she comes with the Oldsmobile), was crowned princess. Finances prevented the establishing of one main punch bowl, but several little ones were in

evidence, and what a punch! The music was there, the people were there, the spirit(s) were there. . . .

Now for a glance at the sporty side of things. The basketball teams are doing a tremendous job of getting rid of their budget. COACH TOTZKE claims that his team has depth, but it wasn't quite deep enough to drown the other team, although RON ZEIGEL and DON POWELL have been doing commendable work. The day students still haven't had enough. They keep on challenging the men of the dorm to hockey matches. The latter get toughened up in their daily routine in the residence, where only the strong survive.

LESLIE CHECK, the chaplain of WILLISON HALL, is terribly worried about the possible influence on his flock of the name "Seagram", soon to be heard more widely on the campus. When he next makes his rounds of blessing, with his assistant chaplain and accomplice, HERBERT IBBOTSON, he intends to stop and deliver a little oration along with his usual fatherly benediction. According to the rehearsal he was conducting all by himself in his room the other night, as nearly as we could understand it through the keyhole, the oration, brief, poignant and typically CHECKIAN, will go something like this: "My children, remember at all times that alcohol is a poison. If you feel that you must take poison into your bodies, just try some arsenic. Arsenic isn't habit-forming."

DR. REAMAN expressed a wish at the last dorm meeting that his classes would greet him with song as he enters the various rooms. We suggest that the English 29 students think of some suitable anthems, like "When the Saints Go Marching In". They could sing him out at the end with something like, "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You". Reminds us of History 20 last year, when DR. ADAMS, beseiged almost every period by wrothful pre-the's (you know what denomination, offered to reconcile them by starting his classes with a couple of verses of "Bringing In the Sheaves". The class tried it once, led by the fine rolling notes of CHUCK BEATON, and it worked, too. There wasn't a major fight all period—whether the mellowing effect worked on the class or on DR. ADAMS.

While we're on the subject, LESLIE CHECK has made a brilliant suggestion to the United Church boys — to appoint DR. ADAMS honorary president of the Ambassadors' Club. With the influence of this most illustrious group, and that of his "United Church Observer" (courtesy BRUCE SMALL) there is hope that our beloved history prof may yet see the light.

We'd like to pay a tribute to the staffs of the dining hall and TORQUE ROOM for their daily effort to fill the bottomless pits, for our money most successful. We have no sympathy whatever for the would-be wit who staggered blindly out of the TORQUE ROOM one day last week, wiping hot soup out of his eyes. It seems he sat down with his tray, then called IRENE'S attention to the fact that the salt-cellar on his table needed replenishing. As she obliged with a full one, he looked at her sideways and quipped sarcastically, "Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt?" Our only regret is that he didn't have a dishpan full of soup instead of just a bowl. Another griper suffered the same well-deserved fate in the dining hall when he let our girl MARY hear him remark — "A lot of blood,

sweat and tears went into making this meal — I can taste them." Good work, girls — and gentlemen — of our various eating places. Here's a thank-you on behalf of your innumerable fans.

There is a mercifully small minority of fiendish creatures around here who seem to like to make work for NICK and his helpers. Our suggestion is that the caretaking staff be given a week's holidays during the school term, and that those on the Indian list be given the job on a compulsory, non-fee basis. Under this system, the dirtiest slops might be transformed into good enough housekeepers to make their wives glad they went to college.

Taking a brief glance afield, the UN members have started reading the Bible. They've got as far as Exodus, and are looking for some way to get the ISRAELITES out of Egypt.

Back at home, we forgot to mention in the last issue how one of the pre-the's, whom we shall permit to remain anonymous, sweated over a first-term test for DR. LITTLE until the time was up, then wrote gaily on his paper — "God knows the answers to these questions. Merry Christmas." Our sage of the classics wrote beneath, before handing the paper back — "God gets an A. You get an E. Happy New Year."

Then there was the college prof (not at Waterloo, of course) who found an impolite class getting increasingly noisy throughout the period. At three minutes before quitting time, he looked the worst offenders squarely in the eye and said, "Now, if you can bear with me only a little longer, I have just one more pearl to cast."

Well, gentle readers, take our advice and study hard. Remember, if you haven't got an education, you have to use your brains.

FIRST DAY by Jacques Prévert, translated by John Berges

White sheets are in a drawer
Red sheets are on a bed
A child, unborn, is in its mother
Its mother is in pain
The father in the corridor
The corridor in the house
The house in the town
Night covers the town
There is death in a cry
And a child enters life.

THE LAST SUPPER by Jacques Prévert, as translated by John Berges

They are at the table but they are not eating
They are not in the best of spirits
And their plates hover erect,
Vertically behind their heads.

LISTEN!

By Rosemarie Keilhau

The temple at Jerusalem stands aloof, away from the noisy turmoil of a crowded, dirty city. A Jewish chant drifts into the morning air from the shady recesses, beyand the white pillars. The worshippers stand hushed, letting the haunting chant penetrate their souls.

Across the Mediterranean, blazing trumpets herald the arrival of a victorious Caesar, just returned from a conquest in Gaul. The staccato blasts mingle with the joyous shouts of the Roman citizens.

As the story of mankind progresses, we hear a vesper bell peal over the countryside and from within the walls of a mediaeval monastery the muted voices of a monastic chorus float on the evening breeze.

The Reformation grips the European continent and with it come the hymns that express the zeal and fervour of the reformers. "A Mighty Fortress is our God" has rung from the throats of thankful Christians throughout generations.

Music is closely hinged to the deepest-felt emotions and aspirations of mankind. It sings with the joyous, weeps with the mourner, laughs with the happy, sighs with the weary; it pervades every facet of human existence.

Melody is to be found everywhere. The solitary wanderer through a lonely wood hears in the distance the soft murmur of a brook as it winds its way through the leafy verdue of the forest. Somewhere in the topmost branches of a towering oak, a thrush is warbling its tender song to the sky. As twilight approaches, the shrill chirping of a chorus of crickets is softened by the low night wind that whispers through the foliage.

It is not only in nature that music reaches the sensitive ear. The sang of city life has a melody all its own. The sing-song "Extra-Extra" of the paper-boy is interspersed with his whistled rendition of the latest hit song. The chorus of a thousand car-horns is outdone only by the clang of the street-car or the occasional squeal of brakes. From the spire of a near-by church a deep-toned bell invites the passer-by to morning worship.

Even through human speech rhythm and melody is transmitted. There is music in the voice of a little girl, as she converses earnestly with her doll; there is music in the rumbling boss of an aged grandfather as he entertains his grandchildren with a bed-time story.

Music too paints a poignant portrait of every race of humanity. High amid the glistening peaks of the Swiss mountains, the hollow echo of an alpine horn

calls across the white ranges. It is answered by the mournful lament of a wailing bag-pipe in the windy Highlands. From Mexico the strumming of a guitar plucked by a swarthy gaucho is wafted on a warm southern breeze. From an African tribal village the haunting rhythm of a native's drum beats through the dense tropical jungle. Out of the depths of a Roumanian forest comes the bitter-sweet cry of a gypsy's violin.

And so it is, that although empires fall, races mingle and change, new civilizations come into existence, still the eternal force of music remains, echoing and re-echoing in the hearts of men.

SONG OF THE UNIVERSE

of the comet

On to infinity is my flight
Hurtling on through the endless night
All men wonder at my light
As I pass from mortal sight

of the north star

I am the north star gleaming bright
In to eternity goes my light
Mine was the light that the vikings bold
Used as a guide in the days of old

of the moon

Brilliant is my silver light
Come from me to light and night
Come to stave off the coward's fright
Come to illumine a brave man's might

of venus

I am venus, my name is love
I have a symbol on earth, the dove
I am one of the twinkling lights
Seen my men on winter nights

of me

As I behold this winter night
With the moon and stars all shining bright
I think of the wonders shown by light
And God's great gift to man — of sight

By J. J. WEBSTER

ONE

A single note
In all eternity,
Was carried forth
On wings of time
To echo down the distant
Aeons of mankind.
One man and yet the souls of all,
Alone in worlds of unknown sound,
Drew forth that piteous cry
Of lonely unity.

SHADOW

A picture is but shape and form.
Our words are truer guardians
Of thoughts that men
To them entrust.
Their colours are a myriad hue,
Of Autumn, Spring and Winter,
Cold, unbending sentinals,
Along the road to truth.

ALONE

I watched the swoin engrave upon the page
Some tender thought of yet unrealized trust,
As though the words could make reality
More present than the soul disturbing peace.
For peace, without some other life,
Is lost in endless circles round
Of thought, and wish, and hope to be,
Of things beyond eternity.

STUDENT

Six days and yet one more.
I sit and watch the figures dance,
In strange unrhythmical attitudes
Of form and fact.
They gother close about my head
And laugh and leer to see me reform,
Before the shriveling magnitude
Of their soliloquy.

MAN AGAINST NATURE

. . . JIMMIE JONES

I wasn't long at the office one morning when, just as I had thrown the last of a number of logs on the smoldering embers of the night fire, a timid knock sounded on the door. At my call to enter, in came the moderately but warmly dressed figure of a man I recognized to be one of the district merchants. He had come into the supply centre for provisions that he might in turn be able to supply the members of the district. With his mission of gaining supplies, he made his customary report of happenings known to him that might be of some interest to the Detachment personnel.

The story was now of one of the first homesteaders of his district and he wanted us to know the old man might be in difficulty, for he hadn't seen him in a number of days.

The next patrol to leave the office was destined to view the man and investigate any happenings that may have been detrimental to him.

I was a member of this patrol and I remember the day we left—it was cold, a kind of cold known only to those who have experienced the NORTH. The patrol car took my partner and I many miles from the warmth of the office and we fought the drifted roads as best we could but even then there came a point when travel by car was no longer possible. We made our way to the nearest place showing habitation. Here, kindness known in the district was offered, so my companion and I were able to make ourselves warm. To continue our patrol we borrowed a horse from the farmer. This same horse we hitched to a stone-boat to ride the crusted snows through the bush trails and across the bleak sections of broken land.

The old man's shelter was in the distance and as we approached I could see faintly a slow curling smoke lifting itself from the stone chimney. Another indication of life within became apparent for the snow had been recently piled high around the lower portion of the shelter. In these bitter cold months it was important to keep warm. Stepping from the stone-boat I sank deeply in the snow and forced my way about the above mentioned shelter. Nothing appeared wrong. After pounding on the door, I could hear a bid for me to enter. I pushed on the sturdy slabs which swung in on a massive leather hinge, leaving me framed between the whiteness of the outside snow and the darkness of what seemed to be emptiness. With a few steps I entered. Nothing could be heard but as my eyes became accustomed to the lack of light, misty forms took meaning.

It was a larger than usual one room structure constructed of native timbers. The timbers had been coarsely axed so as to interlock and packed clay

finalized the shelter, telling a story that had surely begun as a dream. This building was in another way peculiar to me for never before had I seen rafters separating the living quarters from the roof, thus making an attempt at an attic. Along the back wall a series of steps led from the knotted wood floor to the storage space above. Under these steps was a small pile of strewn firewood while in the middle of the unkept nothing was the means of cooked food and warmth, a stove—a stove that had nearly burned itself out. Across the floor was a broken cot consisting of basic slab and worn blanket. Directly opposite the cot I saw a table beneath a window that had been dimmed with soot, this table lay cluttered with an assortment of foods, spices and seasonings. Also there was a portion of baked bread beside a cutting knife and crumbs. An old chair of bursting woven strands took its place between the stove and table. Everything here had lived a long wearisome life. I could see that through the years the person living here shortened his steps about the interior of the building, limiting his existence to that between cot, table and stove. The steps at the back had been unused for some years judging by the items piled thereon. The shelves above the table had become empty; their good had not been replaced but remained on the table leaving little space from which to prepare and eat bread. A decided path could be seen linking the necessities of existence.

It was a man's voice that had bidden me to enter his home. This voice came from a bent and decrepit man, a man whose unshaven beard told the same age as his unkept gray hair. His withered body was held together with strands of ragged clothing, his feet were bound in sack-cloth but protruding were his bare insteps and toes. The nails of his toes were the same as those of his fingers—colored with dirt, torn and so long that they curled around the ends.

He stood as best he could, approximately nine paces from me, and spoke with a friendly wavering voice. I asked him how he was and in the conversation that followed the old man didn't utter a complaint. He was, as I had see before, a pioneer, a builder of the new land. He had come in his youth, carved for himself a home, cleared the land, grew grains and experienced the hardships that took from him his strength.

Suddenly he stopped in his conversation and asked if I were a Mounted Policeman. I answered yes and he followed saying that he thought so for he was sure he recognized the buffalo coat. I was only nine steps from him and he could visualize the bulk of my buffalo. He had given nearly all he could to the little portion of land he called his and I wondered why he chose to live as he now was. I suggested taking him back with me to where he might be better cared for, but help he didn't need for he had lived in his youth by the strength of his arm and since that time had gained another strength that he felt sure wouldn't leave him.

He come to this home with nothing, bringing only the hope that he held within but I could tell he was leaving much behind. He was a man that had tried, a man that had accomplished and a man that had given his all.

Great is this man and great is his inspiration for those that follow.

A REPLY TO MR. BISHOP

By Yves Beaudoin and Dennis Ewald

In the last edition of the CORD you will find an article entitled, "The Inferiority Complex of the French Canadians." This is a startling, sweeping and very dangerous generalization to make. It was stated that the subject was only an opinion, but when such a strong opinion is not followed up and proved in even a small way, we felt that certain errors should be pointed out. This is not a personal attack on the author but on the method of his presentation. Ambiguous words, general phrases and complete failure to substantiate his subject can be readily seen.

The second paragraph of the article in question begins by saying that, "Quebec City is the principle point about which French Canadian culture moves." This is an incorrect statement to begin the column with. Montreal is as much a centre, or more so, for French Canadian culture as Quebec, and to forget the forceful rural inhabitant would be a sad mistake. No, a people's culture does not move about one city.

The fourth paragraph is one of the worst. That the French Catholics should

be jealous, and fear English Protestants, is absurd. For the inference here we must assume to be the Protestant faith over the Catholic faith, the Catholic afraid of the Protestant because he is a Protesant. If anything, I believe history proves the opposite, even today. And, os far as the "Englishman whose onward march dismayed the Frenchman"; this was due to lack of support from France, not from any psychological fear. "The inevitable collapse" came not because of an inferior people but of an inferior support from home.

It is an under-statement to say, Mr. Bishop, that the only educated people that came to Canada were the French priests. Have you forgotten their governors, intendants, baurgeois, the adventurer seeking nobility and each of these with their families, friends, partners and dependents? In your sixth paragraph you contradict yourself, for where you formerly said, "The only educated people who emigrated from France were the Recollect and Jesuit priests," you now say, "The French aristocracy and the small intellectual elite returned to France." I will agree that a good number did return to France but the English encouraged in every way they could an equal number to remain.

Seventh paragraph. "The English population being mostly Protestant grew into the majority group." This implies, wouldn't you say, that Protestants generally had a greater ability genetically than the French Canadian to reproduce? Dear author, I must insist that all the facts then, as today, will testify to the opposite. Mr. Beaudoin has assured me that I am quite correct concerning this information!

There was no doubt about who the conquered were and who the conquerors were — "whose religion feared and whose strength and wealth is deeply resented." In the opinion of history there was every doubt concerning the above list. The British Government did everything it could to pacify the French Canadian population, to try and draw it closer to England. The French inhabitants were given so much freedom and so many liberties that the newly established English merchants in Quebec complained bitterly. And it is also a completely absurd idea to state that the Roman Catholic Church in French Canada feared the Protestant faith, when we know the British granted religious toleration as the very first of their decrees.

One final point on another very weak statement. "It is interesting to note that once the French Canadian has left the Province of Quebec for another part of Canada, he constantly dreams of his holidays in Niagara Falls, Hamilton or Banff." I believe that this thin point is quite evident and so I will only ask how many "Canadians" do not dream of a holiday outside the Dominion of Canada, in Paris, London or Rome?

From Mr. Bishop's concluding sentence I understand that he intends to issue a continuation on this loaded subject. Before he does so, I would suggest he return to his first article and give it a sounder foundation. When you insult a people it is a serious matter, but when the insult is not backed by sound proof, and weakness is found in every corner, then pen must be taken up to protect this people's honour and respect.

The Little Known:

The Invert

. . . Anonymous

The abnormality to be considered here is one with which fortunately few people are well acquainted; those who are would scarcely care to admit their knowledge. I might add that it may sometimes be considered rather out of place in college magazines, but then we are seeking to learn about things existing in the world as we search for knowledge; we should not fear the truth. However it will be sufficient to say that the abnormality is commonly recognized as a psychological and social problem. The reader will have little difficulty in surmising the meaning of this essay.

Moral implications are given to many activities in human life. A thing might be described as moral or immoral because of results it produces, whether good or bad. So I do not intend discussing the moral issues of this form of behaviour as a separate aspect, apart from other considerations. But if something produces harmful results, society ought to attempt to understand the problem and prevent the causes which give rise to it.

The abnormality mentioned here was once thought to have a physical basis. The victims of it were somehow different biologically from their fellow-beings and so sought the relief of certain drives in ways which are biologically abnormal. But science has exploded this theory and shown that the only difference between these persons and normal ones is psychological. What then is this psychological cause?

A child first seeks only for attention from others that he may be the center of attraction. Later he desires to be wanted and loved, to feel secure. Still later, he will wish to show himself worthy of being loved by doing something concrete for others. These stages are symbolic of three stages of development in another aspect of personality. The problem here is that of the person who has somehow become stalled at stage number two in this other aspect.

The person stalled at one stage or abusing any stage along the way will meet with trouble. He who is stalled at number one thinks only of himself and is disillusioned to find that another's eyes do not turn only to him. Or he may develop an equally warped personality should be become satisfied with himself and leave others completely out of his life. Stage three is the logical conclusion of one's development and if he uses this stage rightly he will be a normal person and capable of bringing happiness to himself and to others. But if he uses this

stage wrongly he will bring to others and to himself untold misery as well as debasing his own personality.

The evil results of a stoppage at the second stage are basically twofold. The person does not develop to stage three and is thus incapable of the good which he might achieve there. Secondly, by the development of unhealthy interests he warps his own personality and those of the others whom he induces to his own way of life.

What is the solution to this problem? An effort to see that everyone will have the opportunity to develop a normal personality. We make sure that people do not suffer from lack of physical development through such evils as malnutrition. Let us then erradicate the causes which prevent proper development of one's personality. How is this to be done?

The first concrete step is to see that persons of all ages have ample opportunity for association with those of the opposite sex so that the proper attitude to them may be developed. Often, the victims of this condition, when it has arisen, believes it is incurable. But a curse, while difficult to achieve, is sometimes possible, though it is no substitute for prevention of the problem in the first ploce.

The Great Grey Team

By Clifford Coultes

Twenty hands at the withers high,
Broad of forehead, and large of eye,
Light of feather, and stout of limb,
Deep in body; all fit and trim;
Embodiment of a horseman's dream
In their youth's fresh beauty, the great gray team.
No blinkered bridle or jointed bit,
For they never started, nor shied a whit.
Slow but steady to start a load,
Stepped like pacers upon the road.
To their master, always an ear a-lean,

As with pride he drove them, his great gray team.
They did his labor in bush and field,
And they ate the best that his farm could yield.
Oats and hay of a measure true,
So never a rib came into view.
And as he'd brush them, and keep them clean,
They'd nuzzle his coat-sleeve, the great gray team.
As he loaded timbers, one winter day,
One end of a log slipped off the sleigh
To pin him. One move would the whole load send
Crashing upon him, and spell his end;
One move from a horse would have killed him clean —
But the wise beasts sensed it, the great gray team.
And they stood like stones till a neighbor came
And released the man; he was hurt and lame,
Off to the doctor! The muzzles black
Whinnied at his retreating back,
And his breath was choked, in its winter's steam,
For he owed his life to his great gray team.
But, after a service of thirty years
There came the time that the whole earth fears.
Replaced by something that progress yields,
All things are turned out to pasture fields.
So, past work anyway, on the cream
Of the land they'd tilled, lived the great gray team.
Horses, something now seldom seen,
Their master's treasure, though old and lean,
Still not unhandsome, of stature high,
They seemed like ghosts of a time gone by,
On a moonlit night, with their coats agleam,
In their age's whiteness, the great gray team.
Pity was taken on age's pain;
Feeble of body and thin of mane,
'Twas purely to speed the plan of God
That bullets laid them beneath the sod.
Now they know the best of a horse's dream
In their last sweet slumber, the great gray team.

Argumentation and Ignorantiam

By Leslie Check

In this essay, in order to avoid personal accusations, I have reverted to the method of attack commonly used for years by certain clergymen and social reformers. This method of attack consists of making broad, general accusations, employing such vague terms as "society" or "people." In this fashion all of the readers can rest assured that they are not the persons who are being accused. Hence, no particular individual shall be named; no specific hypocrite shall be exposed; and no positive achievements shall be attained.

With this thought in mind my essay shall be exclusively devoted to those people who profess to be the intelligentsia of Waterloo College. After having imbibed a given number of cups of coffee and after having perused a few books these individuals flatter themselves as the avant garde of this institution. Easily recognized, they set themselves above the hoi polloi by such means as wearing dark-rimmed glasses, employing lofty philosophic phrases, exhibiting total anarchism on a small scale and developing a rapid but meaningless verbosity. During the school semester these irrefragable iconoclasts have superciliously censured the literary medium of our institution with unremitting ardour. Inclement, these precisians have ostracized the barbaric lucubration of the **Cord,** refusing subservience to its unsophistication. Anton Chekhov summarized their traits in **The Cherry Orchard.**

"The vast majority of those intellectuals whom I know seek for nothing, do nothing, and, are at present incapable of hard work. They call themselves intellectuals but . . . they learn slowly, they read nothing with discernment, they do absolutely nothing, they gabble on about science, about art they understand little. They are all serious, they all have severe faces, they all talk about important things. They philosophize, and at the same time . . . it's obvious that all our nice talk is only carried on to delude ourselves and others. Tell me, where are those crèches we hear so much of? And where are those reading-rooms? People only write novels about them; they don't really exist."

Time has passed; culture has evolved; human nature has remained static. Out of the past comes famous Lord Byron crying,

"Who killed the Cord?
'We' cried the critici,
So savage and Tartarly;
'Twas due to our accord.' "

These are the savants of Waterloo College — this is their reply.

My major contention is that Waterloo College is devoid of intellectuals, with reference both to the students and to the faculty. Intellectualism, correctly speaking, is a relative term. A college student, in the eyes of an illiterate person, is an in-

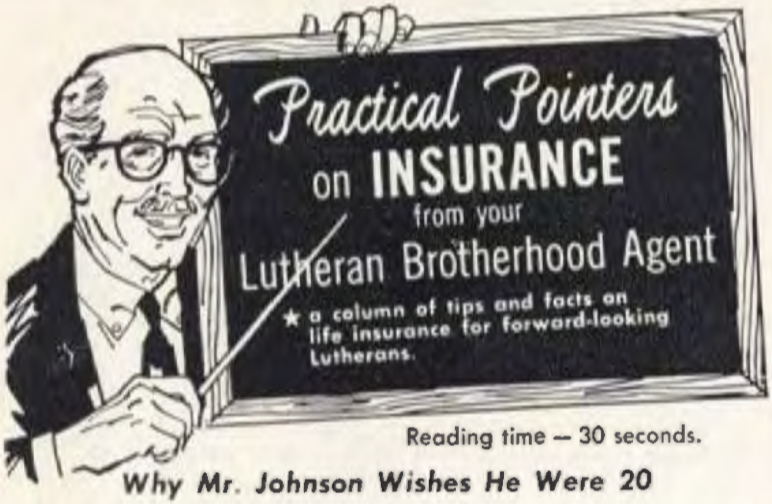
tellectual but in the eyes of his professors this same college student may be (or probably is) a complete ignoramus. The relativity of this term "intellectualism" can be measured in degrees of stupidity or of intelligence. Those who disregard the relative nature of this term and who adopt an attitude of condescension only confirm the words of the famous German poet, Shelly, who humbly taught that "the more we study, the more we discover our ignorance." Who, in this College, would dare compare his knowledge with that of the late Albert Einstein? When Einstein propounded his theories, few men, only cetrain specialists, could fathom these mysteries. According to our earthly norms Albert Einstein was truly an intellectual. Yet, in terms of infinite and complete knowledge, he died an ignarant man. And so must we all.

In conclusion, those who feel that their minds have absorbed gigontic proportions of knowledge to such a degree that they must regard their fellow men with condescension are only exhibiting Gargantuan egotism. For our embryonic Shavion savants I offer consolation, reaffirming the common knowledge that all great men must suffer misinterpretation and martyrdom. Those who feel that the **Cord** is unworthy of their literary efforts because of its low cultural level should learn to endure their suffering much more patiently and much more nobly. Our intellectuals should learn to avoid such a common trait as whimpering.

A Backward Look from the Year 2000 A.D.

$E = mc^2$
$E = mc^2$
$E = mc^2$

The equation that killed my world
The world I knew as a child of love, light and hope
The equation cut off hope, and there was no time for love
And the light in the night was a thing to be feared
For it came as a portent of death
It could have meant hope for man
But man has used it to stir up fear
And now all men are always near
The scream of the fighters climbing clear
And the roar of the missiles above
Is one of the laws of God
Man alone has broken this law
Has taken the good to destroy the good
It makes one think that the Trinity should
Use the good to destroy the bad



Reading time — 30 seconds.

Why Mr. Johnson Wishes He Were 20

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